

APOLLO POETRY CLUB
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1968 - 1969



Only be willing to search for poetry, and there will be poetry:
My soul, a tiny speck, is my tutor.
Evening sun and fragrant grass are common things,
But, with understanding, they can become glorious verse.

Yuan Mei

MEMBERS OF THE APOLLO POETRY CLUB

Nina Birnbaum
Wendy Cassel
Nancy Culolias
Cynthia Hopkins
Keith Hopkins
Terry Lee Jackson
Irina Kahn
John Owen
Barbara Saunders
Jim Schallerer
Tina Turner
Patty Webb



Keep A Poem In Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
and the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

The Wild Uncapturable Stallion

A whirl, a kick, a bite, and he's free!
Free to his band,
Free to the rain, wind and weather,
Free to the elements,
And free to run.

A whirl, a kick, a bite, and he's free!
Free to cross the green range grass,
Free to do as he wants,
Free to go where he wants,
And just free.

A whirl, a kick, a bite, and a scream!
His hind hoofs fly,
The fence breaks down,
And he and his mares are free.
Free from man, who has long since
stopped trying to catch them.

Nina Birnbaum



Nina Birnbaum

Iowa Tests

As we do

Iowa tests

We can

- 72 1) hear
2) here
3) heare
4) (none correct)

the

- 73 1) teelivision
2) telivision
3) television
4) (none correct)

program about

- 74 1) Spinish
2) Spanish
3) Spanich
4) (none correct)

across the

- 75 1) hall
2) hal
3) halle
4) (none correct)

Nina Birnbaum

Paperbags

The thing wrong with
PAPERBAGS
is
you can NEVER fill them
up full
or
CRASH!
SMASH!
out
falls the
bottom
CRASH!
SMASH!
OUT
fall
your things
and if they are broken
too bad!
the end!
SO
never make the
DREAD MISTAKE
OF
filling up
a
paper
bag.

Nina Birnbaum

So many things to be said
So many things to be done
So many hates
So many loves
All in the mind of ONE.

The mind is like the sky
Open to every thought
Sometimes it's cloudy and gray
Sometimes it's like a sunny day.

Then there is a person
Another ONE
Who lights up the mind
And restw in the heart
And out of the two
Comes another ONE
Like cells
And the process is repeated.

Nina Birnbaum



Cynthia Hopkins

The Night Owl

There is an owl
on my street
It comes out every night
and shrieks and shrieks and shrieks.

The first night I moved in
he gave me a scare
He really did, I tell you---
I didn't know he was there.

Cynthia Hopkins

The Halloween Poem

Halloween
is a time
of
costumesand
witchesand
ghostsand
creaturesand
goblinsand
thingsand
kidscollectingforU.N.I.C.E.F.and
the moonand
the owland
the Halloween poem.

Nina Birnbaum

Halloween Night

Halloween night
is a night for fright.
All the ghosts on the street,
All the goblins you meet,
All the screams that you'll hear
will leave you in fear.

Irina Kahn



Irina Kahn



Barbara Saunders

At My New House

When I first moved
I didn't like it---
I didn't have
Any friends.

But after all
I got used to it.

Then one day,
Outside, playing,
A girl came up
And talked to me.

Before I knew it
I had a new friend.

Barbara Saunders

Sad or Happy

Sometimes you feel
a little let down---
especially
on dark, dreary days
when you're all alone
with nothing to do.

Sometimes you feel
so happy
that you laugh
and laugh
at things
that aren't even funny.

Sad is
leaving your home in the rain
when nobody likes you
when they're mad at you
and you have to stay home
and miss out on the fun.

Happy is
making friends and playing games
reading books and telling stories
playing with babies to make them laugh
playing ball to win
Christmas, candy and singing songs.

Barbara Saunders

A clown----something
to divert us
from life's
tragedies
something to make
us happy
for a short time
only.

Nina Birnbaum

Two Nights

The night is soft
Though dark,
A cool feeling bears
 you high in the air
Not cold
 for the sun has left
A slight resemblance
 of warmth.
Her sister, the moon
Casts a silver glow,
 farther relatives, the stars
 seem so close
 you think you can touch them.
Not quite.
A gentle breeze comes, softly singing.

But another night is dark,
 and cold,
Murky clouds
 lurk in the sky
 hiding the moon.
Cold wind rips at the trees:
Tearing, Biting, Pulling
 at the clouds
Until they bring rain.
Cold rain,
Pouring,
Calling loudly
 with a dark, deep, loud rumble,
Calling light, bright, harsh
For a brief second, over and over.
No comfort for the frightened ,
 shivering child,
Lying in bed, too scared to move.

Wendy Cassel

My Pet

My pet is small?
No,
Not at all.
Quite large, I think.
He's very tall
and tame---
I hope!
Nope!
Help!

Wendy Cassel



Wendy Cassel

The sun casts its light upon
 the earth
The cold earth is brightened
Some,
It lifts shadows from the
 hearts of animals,
Their simple minds are
 happy with the sun.

People feel it too.
Some do and are happy,
Yet darkness and cold
 lie deep in some people.
Greed and Anger can not be
 penetrated
 by the sun.
Nor the fear of a lonely
 child
Lost, looking for home,
for love and happiness.

Wendy Cassel

My Dad

He likes my sister
And my sister likes him
I like him a little
And my dad likes me.

His middle name is Keith
And when he comes home
He sits in the chair
And watches the news on T.V.

Keith Hopkins



Keith Hopkins

My Dad

My dad takes me out in the car
and where I sit
is far away
all alone
in the very last seat.
I look out the window
then I shut my eyes,
then I open them
and I see something else.

Irina Kahn

In the sky above
Swift as a dragon fly flies---
It is an airplane.

Irina Kahn

Lady Luck

There's a very good plane
Named Lady Luck
That shot down
A German plane.

She flew way up
And then they came
And the six planes
Flew no more.

John Owen

Segregated - Integrated

Segregated
is Wallace - LeMay
Alabama, Georgia,
everywhere.
Integrated
is
nowhere
I know of.

Nina Birnbaum



Tina Turner

Tangerine

Its taste

sometimes sweet
and
sometimes sour

Its shape

like a small orange
but easier to peel

Its smell

kind of hot
and sour

Its color

a zippy orange
a zappy orange

Even scratched and bruised
on the outside

It tastes perfect
on the inside.

Tina Turner

The Tangerine

My tangerine is nice
It is orange and has
a sweet smell
It has a sour taste
My tangerine has
too many seeds
But my tangerine
is nice.

Nancy Culolias



Nancy Culolias

The a bowl of flowers
 beauty in color
 color in shape
 shape in leaves
 leaves on stem
 stem in bowl
 a bowl of flowers
 beauty in itself
 color, fragrance, shape.
 a bowl of flowers.

Nina Birnbaum



Flowers

Flowers are fun to smell
 They smell so sweet
 And make you tickle inside.

I like the sound of rain
 on the roof
 Pitter Patter goes the rain.

Barbara Saunders

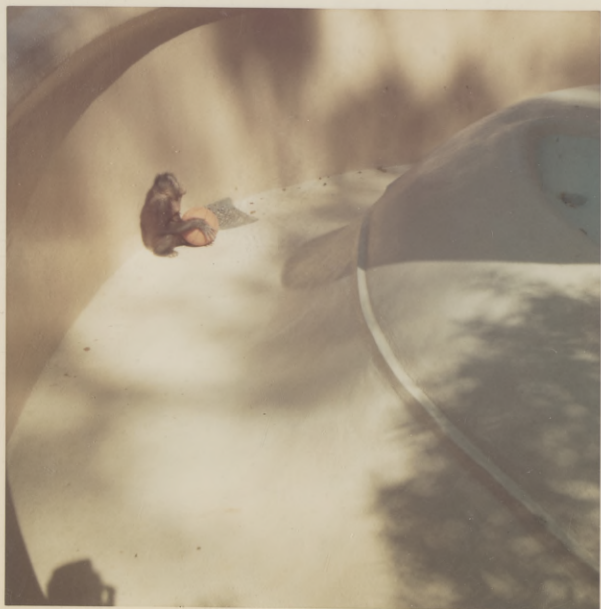
Nancy Collier



The Monkey

I laugh at the monkey
With all my might
He's funny as can be.
But I don't think
That it's polite
For him to laugh at me.

Cynthia Hopkins



The Elephant

The elephant looks
so big and furious
But if you get to know him
he's really nice
indeed.

Barbara Saunders



Giraffes

Giraffes
are tall
and skinny
with
long
long
necks.

I like
to watch them
They walk along
so slowly
and move
so gracefully.

Patty Webb

los pajaros velos
como tambien los
automoviles.
¿ velos velos
automoviles
los golondrinas?

Byron Williams



la tortuga
es un reptil
como lo es
la ormiga
retardada
¿ la ormiga
no nada
pero la
tortuga
es velos
en el agua?

Byron Williams



The Baby Chick

The baby chick was furry
and very, very warm;
His little legs tickled
in my hand.

The yellow fuzz that touched me
made me laugh
And say,
"What a beautiful chick you are!"

His beak was long and orange
and I think he was scared---
He jumped at me
when I felt his heart beat.

Terry Jackson



His little beak points at me
And his tail feather
goes up in a curl.

His down is soft and fuzzy---
Except for his
scratchy feet.

Up goes his head
And he cheeps at me---
I'll protect him from his fright.

Irina Kahn



The Prayer of the Chicken

I am small
A chicken
I live at the zoo.
People handle me
They crush me in their
enclosing hands.
They suffocate and
squeeze me.
They leave me not a moment
to myself.
O Lord!
Please, take me out
of this living death!
Place me in a quiet place
with no humans about.
O Lord!
Please remove me from this place!
Amen

Nina Birnbaum



Cat

sleek and graceful
though small, it fends for itself
velvety paws hide weapons
with which to fight off enemies

though well equipped,
it is gentle, kind
to those who are kind to it

what a beautiful
animal

Wendy Cassel

Thoughts of an Inexperienced Skier

Snowplowing down the slope
Slipping,
Plop.

Won't fall again, I hope.
Oops!
Rats, you fell, dope.

Let's see what I recall---
Stem out!
Don't cross your skis!
I fall.

I can't remember this too good.
I learned it all last year; I should.
Oops! Ow!

If I can make it down,
Even looking like a clown,
Without a fall,
I'll be glad.
I'm here! Not bad!
That's all!

Wendy Cassel

The Sailboat Race

The family was going out that day
For a sailboat race (it wasn't play)
A younger girl was going too
They needed weight (the wind she blew)
The small girl sat between the shrouds
Dreamily watching the sun through clouds
When splash --- the water poured on deck
(No problem, save the girl got wet)
Back to the dream, 'till came a shout
"Didn't you hear me? READY ABOUT!"
She scrambled to the starboard side
(The boat was pitching in the tide)
SPLASH!
SPLASH! (the girl was sopped)
(and cold!) The jibs'l flipped and flopped.
"PULL IN THE JIB! THEN MAN THE PUMP!"
She slid from the shrouds (her head did bump)
Slish, slosh, the pumping's done.
They came in fourth---
Too bad
Oh well

A Girl

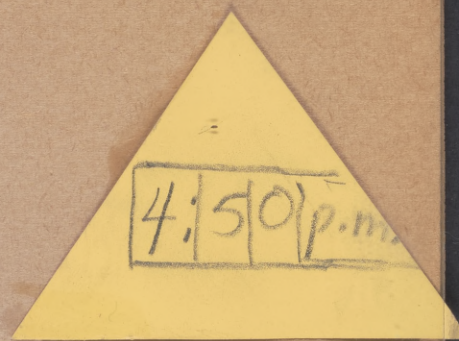
Wendy Cassel

She
seems to hate herself
sometimes.
It's too bad, for
she's so nice.
People tease her---
Poor thing.

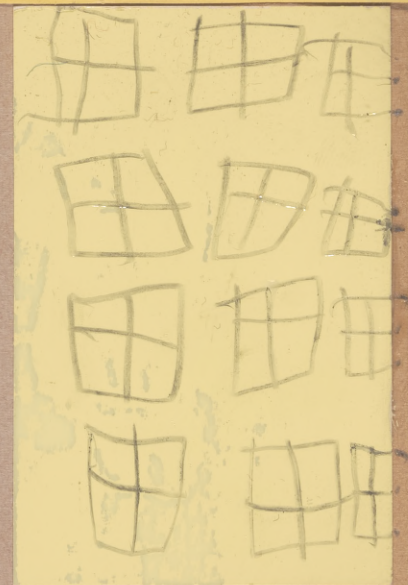
It's too bad
She is sensitive...
It's sad
If anyone knew how they
hurt her...
They would stop.

Wendy Cassel

Keith



4:50 p.m.





Alik Barnstorm

Alik Barnstorm, author of The Real Tin Flower; poems about the world at nine (Crowell, 1968) was our guest at a combined Poetry Club Party for the three poetry clubs in Pasadena.

The Real Tin Flower

The old type lily has died.
It's so droopy now
the old tiger
lily fell to its grave.
The family
is sad. They are nuns who cannot sleep.

The old type lily was fashionable
in town.

She sat on a golden stem.
Her servants carried her
up in the air
in a sunburnt palm

and gave her a bath.
They placed her
on the mantlepice.

She looked all around
(couldn't hear thunder
or the whippoorwill)
and died

of envy.
Now she lives as a real tin flower.

Alik Barnstorm



Members of the Apollo Poetry Club at the Central Library, Iria Kahn, Terry Lee Jackson and Nancy Culolias, read poems from our poetry club book.



Members of the Lamanda Park Poetry Club did a choral reading.



Members of the Pegasus Poetry Club at the Santa Catalina Branch Library shared part of their circus with us.

Cindy





Front

Silouette

The silouette of
The very beautiful horse
Black against the moon.

-Nina Birnbaum




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